

NEW YORK, SUNDAY, AUGUST 23, 1896,-COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY THE SUN PRINTING AND PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION.

OSTEND'S GAMING REFORM.

PLAYER MUST SHOW BE CAN ALFORD TO LOSE. bigium's Exhibition Lottery and Europe's

Hany Other Lottery Enterprises-Paris-tan English as Sho Is Used to Glorify Actresses Thelity English Servants

LONDON, AUG. 15, Casulats, and people of only dinary intelligence as well, may find somehing interesting in the varying public standards of virtue as regards gambling, which now relear fail to rule in various parts of Europe. The subject is an absorbing one just now in Belgium, and it would puzzle even the eloquent special pleaders who have secured the acquittal of Major Lothaire, to define the attitude of the public authorities of that country upon the queson. Within a week the Government has approved and guaranteed a great national lottery in connection with the exhibition to be held next rest. At the same time, King Leopold is taking sergetic personal interest in the suppression of ambling at the Casino at Ostend, where the play was beginning to rival Monte Carlo's in pagnitude. From a moral point of view, whatwer it may be from a practical one, this policy as the supearance of gross inconsistency. Perhaps no more so than that of England, the most virtues, of European nations, which sternly suppresses betteries, even at church fairs, but ersits unlimited betting in the proper en-

digare at all the race courses.

Americans are, after all, the only people who can approach this subject with clean hands and in a censorial spirit. It is well known in Europe that it is forbidden to bet on a horse race is the United States; that nobody is allowed to stake anything more valuable than chips (they call them counters in England) in a game of poker; that lottery tickets are as contraband as cholera germs at quarantine; and that the mere mention of letteries in the public press in the specific way in which I may deal with them in tab article is technically an offence under the lew. It is quite competent, therefore, for an American from his superior eminence of public morality to deal sternly and ruthlessly with the shocking inconsistencies and compromisings with conscience which he sees all about him on this side of the water.

Take the Belgian case, which is one of many. The gambling evil at Ostend has grown to huge proportions, chiefly because of the Belgian watering place's proximity to England. Betting on horse races does not furnish a sufficient entiet to the gambling spirit of a whole nation. It is carried on to a larger extent in England than in any other country; but everybody cannot go to horse races or keep informed of the infinite details of the turf which are necessary to intelligent betting. Monte Carlo is too far ewsy, and in summer it is usually insufferably warm there. Soveral of the nearer-by pleasure resorts on the Continent have been taking advaniage of this situation for several years past. I have described in previous letters the growth efgambling at Homburg, Spa, Houlogne, and other points. These places flourish chiefly on Eaglish and American money. The promoters of them in some cases have not been wise shough to adopt some of the restrictions which prevail at Monte Carlo. This is what is putting stop to the game at Ostend. The Casino managers there have established an even higher limit of play than at Monte Carlo. At Monte Carlo \$1,200 is the largest stake permitted or the roulette tables and \$2,400 on the trente-et marante. I do not know the figures at Ostend.

but they are considerably higher.
A still worse mistake at Ostend is the fact that no restriction has been put upon the list of persons eligible to play. The result has been that local shopkeepers, clerks, and other rest tents have had the run of the rooms and have quandered all they possessed. At Monte Carlo 40 resident of the principality of Monaco car than admission to the gambling rooms. I have heard no engrestion that the game at listend is not perfectly fair and above susscien. It would be stupid were it not, for the man's legitimate profits are quite large enough

to satisfy any reasonable individual.

The special royal decree which has followed the police raid on the gaming tables a week ago tasists that only those persons shall be permit-Casino who have been regularly proposed and elected to club membership. It is further intimated that gambling must practically cease after the present season, and that it will be permpterily stopped by the authorities before that time in case any more scandals arise in connecion with it. The managers of the Kursaal have taken the lesson to heart, and they announce hat strangers, in addition to proof of respecta-Mity on applying for membership, must give proof of a sufficiently satisfactory financial condition so that they may be able to lose money at

they without suffering.
On the day the Government issued this virtuoutecree it distributed for sale in the various Post Offices of the country 1,000,000 tickets in helottery for the benefit of next year's Exhibition. The price of the tickets is one franc each. ad with such avidity were they taken up that alredy nearly all are sold. The sum realized from the sale of tickets will be \$200,000, but the smount distributed in prizes is only \$90,000. saithedrawings do not take place until next sumer. The popular passion for gambling which leads the people to take part in such a

60s-ided rame must indeed be strong.
It is difficult to keep track of the lotteries. post and small, in France, which are under burnment auspices and guarantees. The loterin connection with the bonds of the Paris Exhibition of 1990 is the latest, but this is not fasting so easily as the first indications prom-bet. Some of the guarantors of the issue will be shiged to take up several millions. The Hamburg and other German lotteries, too nubecome to mention, still flourish, but their mar-les is more restricted than formerly. There is to much competition now that nearly all Eurocas lotteries have become more local in their Perations. The Hamburg concern used to have s immense American clientele, but this has allen off greatly, partly owing to the stringency of the latest anti-luttery laws in the United

his not yet positively settled, but it is probasis that the late Col. North's great scheme for a rival Monte Carlo near Ostend will collapse the result of his death and the scandals at he Ostend Casino. At the time of his death North had begun work on the beach about a alle from the Ostend parade, where he proposed to create Northville on a scale of beauty and magnificence which even the Riviera could not rival. North had no scruples on the subject gambling, and it was his greatest ambition estent a palace for the votaries of the sport or ice which should surpass in every way the no forious institution at Monaco. It is more than doubtful if, by leg timate or illegitimate means, scould have secured from the Belgian Govsument and people that immunity from the in to put his plans into execution.

Sill another plan for gathering in American solars has been devised by a humble but the class of Londoners. Publicity may spoil a but it is something which owners of Fifth Wenne houses who leave their homes in care of Brants during the summer might make a note f. The following advertisement appeared in a sening paper in London the other day:

Abericans and others in London for the autumn by lave excellent address for letters and callers at benable terms by applying in first instance to

Aroung woman who was curious enough t switten about her discoveries to the newsand her experience is rather interesting. hat, and when she went in response to a sable house in the best part of the West the was received by a neatly dressed ser-

vant, who conducted her to the drawing room and thus explained herself:

"You see, ma'm, I'm cook here and my hus-band's butler, and all the family being at the seaside for two months now, and the whole house being no good to them while they are away, we thought up the idea of letting people have their letters addressed here and receiving a few callers, charging them something for each letter and call. We know there's lots of foreigners-Americans and such like-as haven't much money and can't afford to live in neighborhoods like this, but want their friends to think they're in a good part. So they can live in a cheap street, but give this address, and arrange to receive their letters and visitors here. We'll supply the house paper and envelopes, you know, and we could let you have tea for two shillings in the back drawing room when callers

This was set forth in the most matter-of-fact way imaginable, and in response to further inquiries she said the charge for receiving letters would be sixpence each, and that everything would be done to make hostess and callers feel perfectly at home. Finally the inquirer asked Suppose your mistress should return suddenly when I was receiving callers and drinking tea in the drawing room. How could that be managed? You see, I only want to be prepared

in case of an emergency."
"Well, she won't be back till October; but, in case of accident, you'd have to go down to the kitchen and be let out of the basement door." The young woman does not say whether she took the trouble to enlighten the mistress of the house regarding the thrifty little scheme of her servants for turning an honest penny during her absence.

The most delightful thing in the literature of the day is a Paris periodical entitled "Nos Actrices chez Elles" (our actresses at home), the first number of which appeared this week. It is printed in both French and English-"English as she is wrote" sometimes in Paris, What, for instance, could be more lucid and seductive than this from the English version of the prospectus:

"The women who are excelling at the theatre with her talent and beauty never have been pointed out as much as to-day. They are living surrounded with authors and artists eagerly at tending to their glory, and it would be supposed the public curjosity is satisfied about them. It. really, is not so at all. We complain knowing something about the most attractive actresse only by official pictures and newspaper articles. We want to see them in their intimate life, the outline which their own personality glitters in. how their mind is revealed and their fancy is guessed. As yeldance to a general wish, we beg to undertake just now the publication of peculiar, precedentless an album."

The three stage favorites who are depicted in the first number are Madame Jane Hading. Mile. Dudlay, and Yvette Gullbert, and lest you in New York have failed to appreciate their charms, I quote a few sentences which show more vividly than any words of mine can do how their own countrymen esteem them in our lenguage. Thus of Madame Hading:

"This exquisite Parisian is a Marsellie's native. Her correct beauty as much as her right talent, which the modern playing and classic taste are thrilling in, prove that some blood of Phocean emigrants from old and artful Ionia is flowing into her veins. Then, as an hereditary consequence, she is passionately fond of emigration. Madame Hading alternately glittered on our most greatest theatres. Even she reached the 'Français;' but the Boulevard without her seemed to be sky without sun. Now she is again at the Gymnase which recovers with her assistance its formerly

And who will say after reading this about Mile. Dudlay that the English tongue is cold and unemotional? "This is a noble style actress, a golden column

of the repertory, a French comedy's strength. Her talent is quite trials toward sincere and high feelings. A lilyflowered outline, a royal chair must suit her woman's and artist's dignity. Mile. Dudlay lives in acquaintance with poest author is a writer of ours decayed by no mountebankness: M. Parodi. From him she gathered her successful outset in Rome Vaincue; from him she pulled up the most pathetical part she had ever played: Queen Juana. Mile. Dudlay often reached in Queen Juana the highest top of art. She can tell many poetries with an unperishable manner."

And what do we know of the resources of the language when a foreigner can find this to say about Yvette Guilbert ?

"She is more than a glory, she is an idol. Happy idol: she conquered the world before her thirtieth year of age—as Alexander did. But, indeed, what a perfect incarnation of the to-day song! Not at Lolsa Paget's rose stockings song, nor short-petticoat one at the 'Caveau,' but the song only dressed with a pair of black gloves, and all at once brightening in meadows, woods, streets, and alcoves. With her bulky sheaf of couplets and strophes, she appears. The acclaim suddenly claps. Her signess is so plercing one, so bewitching her eleverness that everything is pleasingly received from hersfel. Nicely minded she likes to be surrounded with artful works in order to take some rest when her songs are over. Sometimes she is tired, having sprinkled salt and pepper to her authors. Fortunately she has an unexhausted stock. She made a compact with Devil, and, nevertheless, she can occasionally have many pure and soft repentance accents."

The stage tragedy at the Novelty Theatre last Monday evening was not the first instance in which realism has become reality upon an English stage. Some years ago at Manchester one of the combatants in the duel in "Itomeo and Juliet" was kitled in much the same way as Crozier. Many actors can recall accidents more r less serious on the stage caused by the use of real weapons by actors who lose their heads in he excitement of their personations. Fechter once pinked his opponent, George Vining, in the last act of "The Duke's Motto." Charles Warner once received a sharp dagger thrust, of which he still retains the scar. Only a few nonths ago Gordon Craig, playing Mucauff. laid on with such energy that Macbeth's sword was shattered and its bearer was badly hurt Several times it has happened that a dagger has slipped out of a player's hand and been burled over the footlights. Joseph Chamberlain was once startled at the theatre by a dagger's lodging in the arm of his seat within an inch of hi

oody. The killing of Crozier will probably result in the enforced use of "property" or sham day gers on the stage, for a time at least. The weapon used by Mr. Franks on Monday night was his own property, a gif to him from the late Ada Cavendish. He discarded the property dagger belonging to the theatre-the usual trick weapon, the blade of which recedes two or three inches into the handle when the point pressed against a man's body. The tragedy took place in the last moments of the play "The Sins of the Night," which was being performed for the first time. Franks played the part of a revengeful creole, and the unfortunate Crozier was the Spanish villain of the piece. Just as the curtain falls, the creole falls upon the Spaniard and stabs him with the words, "Now my sister is avenged." The villain falls apparently dying, and none of the audience imagined the realism was reality, although the dagger was left sticking in the actor's breast. curtain went down at once and the house applauded generously. One of the company on the stage saw what had happened, went quickly to the prostrate man, drew out the weapon, and asked him if he was badly hurt. "It's all right, ion't worry," was the reply. Then the other whispered to him to "be brave," while the curain went up on the tableau in response to the demands of the audience. The actor breathed

his last in that moment when the house cheered

lustily the final tableau.

THE SAINT OF THE YAOUIS.

STORY OF THE WOMAN WHO CAUSED THE REPOLT AT NOGALES.

Teresa Urrea's Unhappy Lave Affair Followed by Visions of Angels with Fine Nombreros, Spurs, and Mantillas-Falth in Her Claims of Miraculous Powers, Santa Teresa, the "Sonora witch," leader and aspirer of the recent Yaqui revolt at Nogales, is said to exemplify in her career the possibilities of disappointed love. The young woman's real name is Teresa Urrea. She is now 23 years old, For seven years she has been fomenting mis-

chief among the turbulent Yaquis.

When she was 16 years old Teresa was no more of a saint than the ordinary Mexican girl of that susceptible age. She had a lover who fully satisfied the only ideals she is known to have possessed. Somewhere, somehow, years ago a Spanish strain was interpolated into the Urrea blood. With the inherited tendency to look with favor upon that which is forbidden, came to Teresa also the passion of the Spaniard. The young man promised to marry Teresa, but while she, trusting, allowed him to defer the welding on various pretexts, he was wooing another. She still failed to suspect his double lealing when he married theother girl. Teresa's first enlightenment came with the bride's proud parading of the perfidious Yaqui before the

community as legal proof of conquest. Teresa did not commit suicide; she did not do murder. To borrow the picturesque phrase of Insect O'Connor, she "trun fits." She went into convulsion after convulsion, growing weaker gradually with the severity of the attacks. Finally her body stiffened out in a cataleptic trance. The home of her parents is on the Palo Parado ranch, just north of Hermosillo, the capital city of Sonora. Visitors poured out rom the city to look at the sleeper. She breathed faintly. Her eyes were wide open, with an expression in them as if they saw no material thing, but looked beyond the ken of man into the unknown. The Yaquis are excitable and superstitious. "Carramba!" they said, standing beside her

souch, "the lady is bewitched." As the days went on her limbs stiffened more and more. Food was forced down Teresa's throat by her parents, and life was barely sus-

Excitement over her condition increased. There was talk of trying the faithless wain and his bride for witchcraft. It was hinted that direct application of fire to the prematurely rejoicing couple would bring instant relief to Teresa. Eight days after the beginning of the trance, just as the community was on the point of proceeding to active measures, the girl revived. Her story turned the

"It is true all this that you tell me," she said. My body has been on the bed here, and you have forced food into the mouth; all these things I saw from above. For I was not here all the time that my body lay here among you, and you thought that the witches had me in their power. I went out of my body with a great struggle, while you all tried to hold me. But I went out and away and up. It was a place, that one where I went, of silver and gold. Angels came and talked with me, and each one wore spurs that glittered with jewels, and sombreros that were trimmed with a network of silver lace. And the lady angels! Ah, but I cannot with the words that I know tell you of their

with the words that I know tell you of their beautiful mantilias. Moreover, I did have speech with them, and they told me many things. They commissioned me to spend the rest of my life healing the sick. They said—"" My daughter," said Senor Urrea gravely, "It were not well that you made common talk of the conversation of the saints." The father had been quick to appreciate the full significance to himself and to his daughter of the reverence and awe with which she was regarded. He wanted time in which to consider the things which the saints had said to his daughter with regard to affairs in Mexico.

The populace departed, whispering among themselves that surely one who had talked familiarly with saints and had looked with undimmed eye upon the glories of their silvertrimmed sombreros and jewelled spurs, one who was commissioned to heal the sick and halt and maim, surely she must be a saint herself. Forthwith she was halled as "Santa Teresa de Cabora." Cabora is the small township in which the Urrea ranch is situated. Thousands of Yaquis came to be ministered to.

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fickle, suspicious, revengeful, and superstitious.
Inasmuch as Schlatter, in Colorado among
Americans, succeeded in creating a belief in his
miraculous powers, Santa Teresa's influence
among the Yaquis is not unnatural.
She is said to be a short, rather heavily-built
woman, with a round, dark Spanish face. Her
features are sluggish and unexpressive, and her
eyes, as in the trance that brought her notoricity, are most of the time solemniy fixed on infinity. Then, as her followers believe, she is
communing with her sombreroed saints. From
time to time in the middle of her philanthropic
work among those who came to be cured of
bodily ills she would say something that would
precipitate a Yaqui uprising.

The scene of her first operations was at her
humble home in the heart of the Sierra Madre
range, northwest of here. She was living the
life of a shepherdess, her father being the
owner of a small ranch, Immediately after the
alleged revelation had been made to her, says
the despatch to the S. Louis Globe Democrat,
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nowers of healing the sick. She performed
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in a short time her fame had scread into
all parts of the Yaqui country and into
the remoter districts of the States of Sonora and Chiluahua. Hundreds of ignorant Mexicans wert on long pilgrimages to
see her, and the excitement grew so intense
that a large uprising of her followers was
threatened. The Indians and Mexicans purchased arms and ammunition, and were
making preparations to follow their so-called
saint in a revolution against the flowersment
when the authorities interposed. A large
detachment of soldiers was sent to quelt the
impending uprising and to make the girl a
prisoner. This body of solders had a hard
time carrying out their programme.

The followers of the girl massed themselves
around her mountain home and defied the
soldiers to lay hands on her. The excitement
grew rapidly, and several thousand fanaties
went to the defence of the saint. Bloodshed
was only averted by an overwhelming force
of troops being sent to the assistance of the
first detachment, and the girl was forcibly
made a prisoner and her followers dispersed.
She was taken by an armed escort to bree and
thence brought to this city, where she was
placed in prison. Her father was also made
captive and was thrown into the same prison
with his daughter. The news of the girl's arrest spread rapidly, and in a few days it became
known to the Governor here that a large and
desperate force of her followers were on their
way to this city from the mountains with the
oblice in view of securing the release of their
patron saint. When this fact became known
the excitement here became intense, and in
order to frustrate the designs of the rescuing
guard of soldiers, was esconted to the United
States border and left in the town of Nogales.

When the armed body of fanatica learned of
this trick they turned their marching direction
t

States with the injunction never to return to Mexico again.

Santa Teresa then took up her residence in a small town on the Texas side of the river near El Paso and lived a quiet life for several months. In the early part of last summer she set out down the river, visiting a number of small towns, making known her wonderful power in each place. In the course of a few weeks she had collected a crowd of several hundred ignorant Mexicans around her, and accompanied by these followers she crossed the river into Mexico and preclaimed another revolution against the Mexican Government. The sol-

diers at the frontier posts of Mexico attempted to disperse the mobof fanatics, and a number of sharp skirmishes occurred, each of which resulted in a victory for Santa Teresa. Finally a larger force of soldiers was sent from the city of Chihuahua, and these were successful in dispersing the so-called revolutionists. Santa Teresa fled across the river and took reture with friends in Texas. She then proceeded to El Paso, where she remained for several months.

A few weeks ago she again disappeared and is now at the head of another army of fanatics who believe she is a saint delegated by divine will to lead them to victory in a war against the Mexican Government.

Father Casey of St. Mary s Cathedral, Denver, has recently been on a visit to Mexico. To a representative of the Denver Republican he had this to say with regard to the Church standing of Santa Teresa:

"Reports about Santa Teresa, as the Yaqui Indians call her, were not widespread at the time I was in Mexico. She was regarded as a plous, harmless woman, who believed herself capable of doing good among slek beople. The Catholic newspapera, which constitute the better part of the Mexican press, gave the reports about the miracles she was performing very little space.

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ittle space.
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"While I was in Mexico the Church gave her no sanction, in fact did not concern itself about her. If she had received any attention from the Church then I am sure I would have heard of it. I hear from her yieintity and other parts of Mexico regularly through the mails.

"The Yaquis are constantly getting up attempts at revolution, and news of many of these troubles never reach the outside world. They are sometimes not even noticed by the filberal newspapers in Mexico. It is likely that the trouble a few days ago was of this nature, and Santa Teresa may have had nothing to do with stirring it up. Nogales is largely inhabited by these Yaquis, who are half-breed Indians, not nearly the equals in intelligence of the regular Mexicans. They are not at all satisfied with the Mexican Government, and may have made the excitement caused by Santa Teresa's doings an excuse for an uprising.

excitement caused by Santa Teresa's doings an excuse for an uprising.

"So far as I am concerned I do not know that the woman ever performed a miraculous cure. She was not considered worthy of much notice by the regular Mexicans when I was among them, and of none at all by the Church. The trouble attributed to her now is not likely to prove serious."

prove serious."

In Father Casey's opinion Santa Teresa's healing performances have caused much less commotion among the people of Mexico than did those of Francis Schlatter among the people of this country while he was in Denver.

## LIVING IN ITS PAST.

Robinson Springs Recks Not of To-day, and Does Not Dread the Future.

ROBINSON SPRINGS, Ala., Aug. 10,-This end of the certury is the bread winner's deade. It has little use for a leisure class Even this lovely plateau, a delicious "land of Nod and Drowsy Head," where in the long ago a majority of the wealth and culture of the planters and public men of this section of Alabama made their summer homes, one feels as merely an oasis of idleness.

Montgomery, in the old days, was one of the gayest of Southern cities in the winter. as well as one of the most opulent, made so by her facilities as a cotton market. One of the wealthiest of those planters who lived here fifty or sixty years ago was Albert Pickett, the historian of Alabama. In this house Pickett wrote his "History of Alabama." Here, too, his niece, Miss Eliza Pickett, was married not long before "the war" to L. Polk Walker, afterward Secretary of State in the Cabinet of the President of the Southern Con-

Old as the Pickett house is, it would stand cyclone even now better than many a modern Queen Anne cottage. Those old South erners knew how to build houses that would have been the desight of Ru in. The big pillars, though not of English ,ak, are solid; the timbers in the cellings, walls and floors are thick and heavy. The whole structure of Southern pine defles time's hand. It is now the home of Dr. and Mrs. Dudley Robinson.

The Robinson family have been residents here for three or four generations. They were the originators of the enterprise that made "The Springs" a summer resort for the fashionable world of society of Montgomery, and drew here the men of brains, wealth, and political influence in the past. In the early part of the present century Mr. Todd Robinson, one of the largest landowners of North Carolina, came here and bought the lands all around the Springs. His daughter, Mrs. Wyatt, built the great ballroom on the other side of the glade, and planted the shrubbery and flowers, all overgrowp or gone to wild waste now, and she made the lathing pool and bath houses and milk dairies over the bold, bright streamlet that goes laughing down the dell. On the summit of that greeen, relling, sunshine-and-shadow-fleeked hill, where once the Wyatt ballroom stood, there is to-day the long barbecue thick and heavy. The whole structure of stood, there is to-day the long barbecue trenches over which the thirty or forty carcasses are roasted every year for the Confederate veterans' benefit. The ballroom has been removed since then, and is now a barn on the old De Bardelabin place.

Further up the ridge is the old Robinson house, hidden away in a dense grove of take, cedars, and shrubbery, now overgrown and tacking the tri . fresh smartness of the days when glittering vehicles of all kinds, drawn by prancing horses in dazzling, inazling harness, dashed up its avenue on their way to the ballroom and the Springs. Picnics and afternoon dances were the fads of the golden youth of those joyous days.

The founders of these old Southern families well know how to select their homes. They were men of closer observation and more extensive book lore and broader culture than this generation gives them credit for being. They were a leisure class with the instincts and traditions of the abcestry from which they sprung. These settlers were attracted to the spot by the beauty and healthfulness of the most elevated site within a radius of twonty miles around Montgomery or Wettimpka—a desideratum not to be overlocked or underrated in any part of the cotton bett of Alabana.

If you meet in Montgomery any of the child-

desideratum not to be overlocked or underrated in any part of the cotton belt of Alabang.

If you meet in Montgomery any of the children or children's children of any of these old
ante-bellum inhabitants of Robinson Springs
it is touching to hear their food regrets over
the necessity of living anyhere but at the
"dear old place."

It is still their dream that "some day, some
how," they will drift back to this summer idyl,
this poem in lawns and leafy glades and bubbling rills and babbling brooks, in rustling,
muttering leaves and softly soughing, sleepling, provoking, nerve-socthing broezes.

Here at Robinson Springs there is a constant desire to rest, to sit still and do nothing
but dream and remember.

What a writer has described as "the Biloxi
fever," "the fever for rest," prevails universaily at Robinson Springs. The consequences
can be more easily imagined than described.

Now there is no hotel, no boarding house,
no land for sale around here. All the people
seem so well satisfied with their surroundings,
are so much attached to their old broken-down
homes, and resigned to their altered fortunes,
that the mere mention of a boom in property
or a land syndicate looking for a place to de
velop would alarm them more than the Flazler
invasion of capital and emigration alarmed
the Minorcans of old St. Augustine.

With the gentle, courtly grace of the old
Southerner they will talk, you to the hill above
the old Robinson house where you can have a
view jof Montgomery with the white dome of
its capital and its many church spires defined
against the blue Southern sky, or at night
with its myriad electric lights rashing among
the stars low down on the horizon, and will
expatiate on the heanity of that historic city
and its admirable location on its many lotty
hills, and then inform you how aux h lofter,
by I forget how many hundred feet than the
spot where you are standing is above the done
of the capitol, which is the taliest object on
the highest hill in that city of many lotty elevations. But if yo

THE FATE OF TWO CANAL BOATS.

They Were Piers for a Time, and Now They're Pinned Down to Make a New Pier, Two old canal boats, anchored at right angles to the shore and held in place by a few plies driven around them, served as piers for a couple of small steamboats. It was not necessary that crowds should visit these boats, so two long and

crowds should visit these boats, so two long and "tectory" planks afforded sufficiently ample means of communication between the plers and the shore.

But the other day a pile driver came down, fastened up to the plers, and began driving spiles around them, and further out into the kills. Hefore it departed, it had driven a dozen spiles right through the two old boats, which are now pinned in place much as a 'uniterfly collector pins a captive's wines. By and by the spiles will be covered with planking and the boats forgotten; but the poorest part of the completed pler will not be that inade of the old canal boats.

MR. WESTEND'S ASCENSION.

UP THE FIRE ESCAPE OF HIS FLAT

Mrs. Westend Watched and Prayed White the Other Tenants Offered Comments, but No Assistance-Weird Results of a For-gotten Key-It Won't Happen Again. For reasons connected with the comparaive coolness of the roof garden rather than with any excellence of the performance, Mr. and Mrs. Barry Westend stayed considerably longer than they had intended to. They had even sat through the antics of the educated dogs, they had heard the strenu-ous efforts of the male quartet, whose songs were equalled in pathos only by the excruclating efforts of the first bass to be funny

date hair was warbling about home and mother. They sat through one verse, then said Barry Westend to his wife: "This is too good for me, my dear. It's beyond my limitations. I can't live up to it, and I'm quite likely to die at any minute if I am obliged to continue within reach of it. Let us slide down the elevator rope along with the elevator and escape.

in between the lines, and at last they had

reached that point in the programme where

the lady with a revised complexion and up-to-

"I think we have suffered enough in the cause of coolness," murmured Mrs. Westend. "It's getting late, isn't it?" "Nearly midnight. We've been enduring

that thing about three hours."
"Midnight! And I told the Grounders that we would stop in at their flat for a club sandwich and beer. We'll be far too late.' "See here, my dear," said Mr. Westend suddenly, as they stood on the sidwalk; "have you got the key?"

"No; I supposed you had it," replied his wife.

"Then I guess we will have to stop in at the Grounders' flat or camp on the doorstep,' said the husband with the calmness of de spair in his voice, "for I believe I heard Mary tell you that her aunt was dead the third consecutive demise achieved by that lady within a fortnight-which means a wake. And the corollary to that proposition is that Mary and Mary's key won't be hunting for the keyhole until 4 A. M. or thereabouts. This is a pleasing predica-ment: Two young and respectable married persons, one of them beautiful (modesty forbids too general a specification), adrift the great city, without a shelter for their innocent heads, friendless, alone, Alas! Alack! Callooh! Callay! My mind gives way before the horrors of the situation." "Barry," said Mrs. Westend, severely, "this

is a serious matter. I, for one, do not propose to seek repose in the vestibule with a fuzzy door mat for a pillow. Rather than do that I shall go home to mamma and-"Heavens! Has it come to this?" cried Mr. Westend. "Must two loving hearts be sep-

arated by a forgetten key and the semiweekly wake of Mary's maternal aunt?" -and try to get in at the basement win-

dow," continued Mrs. Westend, disregarding the interruption. "Here's our car." During the ride up they tried to devise plans and it was finally settled that Earry should rouse the Grounders, go through their flat to the rear, and ascend by the fire escape. It was an easy thing to rouse the Grounders. Mr. Grounder came flitting to the window clad in a suit of pajamas and ornamented with a revolver, for flat robbers had been working in the neighborhood, and greeted them with intimidating remarks until Mrs. Westend succeeded in impressing upon him a realization of their identity, whereupon he rolled himself up in the window draperies like an impromptu chrysalis and informed her that he was blush-ing violently. Mr. Westend gravely expressed his appreciation of the blush, but suggested that he abandon color experiments and let them in, explaining their predicament. So Grounder admitted them and they went through to the fire escape. It was a very safe sort of fire escape; the kind that a blind man could ascerd with his hands in his peck-ets, but to Mrs. Westend It looked very dan-gerous. The Westends have been married less

man could ascerd with his hands in his poesets, but to Mrs. Westends have been married less than a year.

"It's five stories up, Barry, dear," she said tremulously. "You might fall."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Westend. "It's nerfectly simple. I'll be up in a minute, climb through the window, and onen the door,"

"Do be careful where you step," besough this wife, "and cail back at every floor so that I'll know you're all right."

Divesting himself of his hat and coat Mr. Barry Westend began the dark ascent, while Mrs. Westend walled breathless below, leaning out of the window.

"All right: second floor," said Barry's voice, "Do be careful, won't you, dear?" answered his wife.

"There was a few seconds' sause during which two cats on the back fonce suddenly burst into profanity, startling Mrs. Westend so that she uttered a little cry.

"What's the matter, my dear?" called her husband. "Has anything happened?"

"No; nothing, Only those cats. It frightened me. Where are you now, Barry?"

"Third floor, going up," replied the climber. "The getting along beautifully. Fine view, unexampled facilities.

"Oo.oo! Es-ee-ee-ee! Hellup! Hellup! Murrder! Thaves! Howly sains, ther've come."

It was a feminine voice, and it proceeded from the third floor rear, where the Plisnipps latest importation from the Emeral's Island slept. Both of the Westends recognized it.

"Don't be frightened! it's me," called Mr. Westend ungrammantically.

"Wow'! Folsece! Listen at him. He sez Us him. He's coomin' in. The robberses is go'n t' murr-rener all av us. Hellup!"

"Who's there? What is it?" cried a voice from the Hunchkin's diat above.

"Gwendelin, get re my revolver," shouted. It's him. He's coomin' in. The robberses is go'n t' murr-ruer all av us. Hellup!"

"Who's there? What is it?" cried a voice from the Huachkin's flat above.

"Gwendelin, get me my revolver," shouted McCooney, as he thrust his head out from his fourth floor rear window.

"Oh, don't shoot, don't shoot," cried Mrs. Westend, "It's Barry. He's firing up the climb escape. I mean he's escaping up the dimbertion of the Pilenipos' maid. "Lave me git me new bonaut an'ceme out."

"Fire, is ui?" walled the Hibernian voice of the Pilenipos' maid. "Lave me git me new bonaut an'ceme out."

"No; don't come out," cried Mr. Westend hastily as a vision in white appeared at the window. "Go back: there isn't any fire. There isn't any anything except me. I'm trying to get into my flat.

"Shure, his wife has barred him ou-wut," observed the voice in surprised commiscration. "Say, is that really you, Westend:" called down McCooney.

"Yes; I only wish it was you," replied the unhappy exile from home savagely.

"Thanks," said McCooney serenely. "What are you doing, looking for meteors?"

"It's my opinion," said the serene voice of Mrs. Hunchkins, "that he's intoxicated. Horrble sight! Why should a young man married only a few months thus make a beast of himself? Why should a lady who has lived long enough to know better make a living picture of herself in a costume which I should hesitate to name even in French?" retorted Mr. Westend, roused beyone endurance. "Madam, I haven't time to blush for you. Retire and blush for yourself."

"Guess you rather had her there, my boy," chuckled McCooney, as the sound of angry ex-

Westend, roused beyond endurance. Manum. I haven't time to blush for you. Retire and blush for you. The seven was a state sound of angry exclamations died away from the window. "I'll leave you to pursue your gymnastics unaided. I don't sunpose you're trying to jump a board bill, and I know it isn't any of my business what you're doing, so I'm geing to bed."

"For the benefit of an inquiring and interasted public." proclaimed Mr. Westend, loudly, "I'll say that I'm trying to get into my flat, having left my keys behind. Anybody got any other comments they'd like to make?"

"Barry, don't get excited, advised Mrs. Westend from below. "It does seem rather peculiar, you know, to see a man going up a fire escape at this time of night."

"You playing Jacob's ladder, too, Mrs. Westend?" said McCooney. "Weli, I hope you both get to heaven. Good night."

Ho disappeared. The other heads were pulled in and Mr. Westend reached his own rear window without further incident. Then ensued a great pounding and hammering. It ceased, and one short, sharp monosyllable foated out on the stillness of the night air.

"Harry, what did you say then?"

"Barry, what was that word you used?"

if you can tell me anything that means more than the word I used I'll go through the entire musical scale with it."

"Barry," said Mrs. Westend, plaintively, "I'llor't think it's nice for you to swear."

"Well, my dear, this jammed window won't

"Well, my dear, this jammed window won't open."

"This what?" Mrs. Westend's tone was surcharged with reproach.

"This Jammed window," retorted her husband, shamelessly. "It's jammed, I tell you; won't open."

"Oh-h-h, I remember now," ruminated Mrs. Westend. 'I locked it this afternoon, I had forgotten all about it. Barry, I'd rather you would swear than grit your teeth that way. Do come down, and we'll wait for Mary."

way. Do come down, and we'll wait for Mary."

They did wait for Mary, sitting in Grounder's parlor and endeavoring to drive dull care away with impossible puns about Mary's aunt's wake and their lack of sleep. It was 3:47

A. M. when Mary returned. What they said to Mary on the way up stairs and thereafter is no part of this article.

Mr. Barry Westend now wears a new article of clothing. It is a small ribbon which hangs around his neck under his collar and is publicly visible only when he weather is very warm or when he wee in swimning. On the end of it dangles a skeleton key.

GREENWOOD LAKE'S AILMENT. The Facts About Volvox Globator and the Effect on the Bass Fishing.

"The lake is purging to beat the band," remarked Tom Garrison, the one-eyed guide at Greenwood Lake, on Wednesday to a couple of his patrons from this city who arrived on the first evening train after having telegraphed to him to meet them and be prepared for moon-

light bass fishing.
When Tom said that the lake was purging he meant to prepare them for any disappointment they might meet, for it is a widely circulated theory that bass do not bite well when the lake is purging. Tom Garrison knows that there is no truth in it, because he has frequently done his best when the water was at its worst, but he thought it well to moderate the hopes of his two patrons and put them in a position where they would blame the condition of the water rather than their guide if they failed to catch any fish.

"It is in a fearful state," said the doctor as he looked at the water from the boat landing at Sterling Forest, "I never saw it worse but once and that was in 1803."

"What is it?" asked the doctor's companion. "It's just purge," said Tom. "Three or four times every year the lake gets sick and throws off that stuff. It's just like a man having the hives or the prickly heat. A good sharp rain would clear it up in no time. I've seen it all go

off that stuff. It's just like a man having the hives or the prickly heat. A good sharp rain would clear it up in no time. I've seen it all go away in a hight."

Tom really believed what he said, but it only proved his lack of observation and his faith in the theories advanced by the natives with whom he was brought up. With the doctor it was different. He was quite young when his attention was first called to the purging at the lake. It was something entirely new to him. The water was almost as thick as gruel, with minute, greenish globules suspended in it, and the surface was covered with a yellowish-green scim composed of the same little particles. Those on the surface were apparently dead, but those which lung poised in the water were lively, and moved to and fro in a manner which led him to the instant conclusion that they were animal. He captured a lot of them in a mineral water bottle and took them home for microscopic examination. He did not for a moment think that he had made any new discovery, but was sure that the matter had been thoroughly studied and described. Seeking authorities he quickly found a lot of literature about the little organisms, and of this he remembered enough to set 10m right and at the same time instruct his friend. "Each one of those little spheres," he said, "is an individual plant, with the peculiar faculty of propulsion. The name of the plant is Voivex globator, or rolling ball. It is one of the commonest forms of pond life, and has number of little green specks, and each has a number of little green specks, and each has a number of little fairs which it keeps in motion, and their action upon the water rolls the ball over and propels it along in an irregular manner. Each of these specks, in time, will burst from the parent sphere rises to the surface and dies, to be wafted ashore by the wind.

"This little organism is never found in running water, but its presence in a pond, lake, or

parent sphere rises to the surface and dies, to
be wafted ashore by the wind.

"This little organism is never found in running water, but its presence in a pond, lake, or
reservoir is not an indication that the water is
stangant. I have come to the conclusion, however, that agitation of the water kills the voivox. You may look in vain for them in the
brook a quarter or a mile below the lake at a
time when the lake is thick with them and
when the water is rushing out in torrents. Tom
is wrong about rain killing them. Rain alone
will not do it, but a heavy wind storm will.

"My experience in relation to the effect upon
the fish is that the volvox does not make much
difference if other conditions are right, and the

A FABLE OF THE SPARROW. The Coward Shirks More Dangers than

The sun had gone so far down his course through the western sky that the shadows of the dwellings had lengthened out to more than twice the width of the streets they faced, and the cooling shade had enticed many of the inhabitants to seats on their front doorsteps, when a sudden commetion in the front yard of a house closed for the summer attracted the attention of almost every one in the whole block. It was soon apparent that the commotion had arisen because a cat had invaded a very bushy-topped shrub in the yard, where feathered home builders had been keeping house, and after a

builders had been keeping house, and after a little it was observed that the plain-looking but very intelligent little mother Sparrow was the leader of the appressive forces that were striving to dislodge the furred intruder.

The cat, as it appeared, had been caught somewhat at a disadvantage, for she was hampered by the number of branches around her, and could not claw at her assailants with her accustomed activity. So it happened that the birds became belier every moment, and the Sparrow was soon delivering a painful peck on the cat's back at every swoon. Eventually, however, the cat worked herself free and reached for the Sparrow with such good aim that one claw caught and held a tail feather.

Nevertheless, the Sparrow, screaming with another of her associates, was able at last to drive the robber out of sight under a neighboring doorstep.

Very much excited and rumpled the Sparrow flew up to the window sill of her friend, the

ling deorstep.
Very much excited and rumpled the Sparrow flew up to the window sill of her friend, the Man, and, finding him there, as usual, she said in a holf-breathless but very spirited fashion;
"Well, now, what did you think of that?"
"I think you were foothardy," said the Man decidedly. "It was not your nest the eat was atter and it was the place of the owner of the hest to take the risks of the defence. I wish I could make you fully understand that the most successful of my race get on in life because they are prudent: they watch for good operfunities before striking a blow either in anger or in business. Dash and hurrah are all invairing to see, but it is the still mouse that gets the cheese. Do you follow me?"

For a moment the Sparrow was at a loss for a regly to this argument, but she turned her back on the man much as a woman might have done to show a feeling of contempt. Then the cat came from under the deorstep across the way, and the Sparrow was about to swoop down for an above the care was the results where the contempt and the sparrow was about to swoop down for an above the care was the results where the care.

the Sparrow was about to swoop down for other fight when the cat's motions caused he stop on the verge of the sill, turn toward Man, and wink to draw his attention to w

Man, and wink to draw his attention to what was going on.

It was apparent that the cat was not going toward the shrub this time, but had her eyes on the tail grass that grew against the basement wall of the onoccupiest house. Then, just as the Man was about to ask what she was after, she made a spring into the grass and ran back under the doorstep with a mouse in her mouth. The sparrow scratched the base of her bill with one claw and then said:

"Had the mouse kept out in the clearing it would have seen the cat in time to ayond her."

Fagan His Own Policeman. Otto Hoenschein of 514 East Twelfth street

and Abraham Schulman of 129 Clinton street

were held in the Essex Market Police Court pulled in and Mr. Westend reached his own rear window without further incident. Then ensued a great pounding and hammering. It ceased, and one short, sharp monosyllable floated out on the stillness of the night air.

"Barry!" said Mrs. Westend.

"Barry, what did you say then?"

"Barry, what did you say then?"

"Barry, what did you say then?"

"Barry, what was that word you used?"

"Blam," said Mr. Westend.

"But that deem't mean anything." said Mrs. Westend.

"But the feature floory Fame and the more yet the more said that the men of grand larceny. Fagan said that the men of grand larceny.

"Barry, what did you say then?"

"Barry, what did you say then?"

"Barry, what deem't mean anything." said Mrs. Westend.

"But they four hours. Yesterday Fagan met the men of grand larceny within the men of grand larceny within the men of grand larceny.

"But they are the fourth the men of grand larceny.

"But they are the fourth the men of grand larceny.

"But they are the fourth the men of grand larceny.

"But the deem't mean anything." said Mrs. Westend.

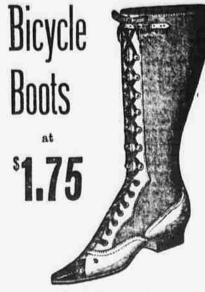
"But the deem't mean anything of heads only the men of Jeweller Henry Fagan met the men of printing four printing resterday by Magistrate Deucl in \$1,000 bonds

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A FRENCH IDEA OF JUSTICE.

An Interesting and Suggestive Change Just Made in French Law. A law which changes radically the legal position of children born out of wedlock, and which, in the eyes of its opponents, threatens the existence of the family in France, was passed, almost without attractng notice during the last session of the French Parliament. It was not discussed at all in the Chamber of Deputies, and met with only faint opposition in the Senate. An illegitimate child who is recognized according to the forms of law by his father may now inthe forms of law by his father may now inherit, or rather cannot be disinherited under normal conditions, a share in the property the father leaver. His share is to be one-half that of a legitimate child, where one exists; three-quarters, if there are only uncles, aunts, and nephews left, while, if the nearest relatives are merely first cousins of the father, the whole inheritance descends to the matural child. The provisions of the French law of inheritance, which secure to legitimate children a certain proportion of their parents. inheritance, which secure to legitimate children a certain proportion of their parents' property, inaticnable by father or mother, are made to apply to illegitimate children also. Moreover, the father may leave to his natural child a portion of that part of his property of which the law allows him the free disposal, provided that portion is not larger than the portion left to the least favored legitimate children, so that the only way in which a father could make a bequest to his natural child was by refusing to recognize in as his, thereby placing him legally in the position of a stranger unrelated to him.

It will be interesting to make the contents.

It will be interesting to watch the effect on

It will be interesting to watch the effect on French society of this attempt at a solution of a grave social problem. The measure is not so sweeping as it seems to be at first sight, for it affects only a part of the children bern out of wellock. The famous section 340 of the Code Civil: La recherche de la paterniti est interdite, which many Frenchmen look upon as one of the main bulwarks of social order, remains in full force. The father who refuses to acknowledge his illegitimate child cannot be compelled to do so. If either mother or child were to try to force an acknowledgement, the case would be thrown out of court.

Another class of children bern out of wedlock, which is not affected by the law, cousists of those who have become legitimate, as by the French law the subsequent marriage of the parents legithmizes their children airendy born. The number of persons to whom the modified law will apply must, therefore, he small when compared with the total population of France, much smaller than might be interred from the prominence given to their so-called wrongs in literature and on the stage. It is large enough however, to give value to the results of the present experiment, whatever they are, it is not expected that French fathers will hasten to assume all their moral responsibilities simply because the law now permits them to do so.

THE FIRST BRITISH TACHT.

The Disdain, Built in 1603 by Phiness Patt, Inventor of the Frigate.

Capt. C. W. McKay, son of the celebrated shipbuilder. Donald McKay, and himself a designer and builder of many swift, fore-andaft vessels, has rediscovered, the original

British yacht. He says: "Phineas Pett, who invented the frigate, as is recorded on his tomb, also built the first yacht, as we now understand the term. yacht, as we now understand the term. When a young man Pett made a voyage to the Levant. He was two years knocking about the Mediterranean and adjoining seas, during which time he industriously studied the war craft built by the Genoese and Venetians, who, at that time, were the greatest and most skilded shipbuilders in the world. On his return to England he was made Assistant Master Shipwright at Chataem, and, in 1003, he was commissioned to build a yacht for the young Prince of Wales, Henry, to disport himself in about London Bridge. This little vessel was carved, glided, and painted to the highest degree. She was twenty-eight feet iong and 12 feet wide. The Prince christened her the Disdain, and Pett was made Captain."

COSTLY GAME HEADS.

The Musk Ox the Most Expensive, the Buffalo's Head Next. The head of the musk ox is the most costly of mounted game heads and next is the head of the bison, or buffalo. Fine buffalo heads, well mounted, bring from \$150 to \$500. A head at mounted, bring from \$150 to \$500. A head at \$500, however, would be one exceptionally large and choice; and a fine head can be bought for \$750. Fifteen years ago well-mounted buffalo heads could be bought for from \$50 to \$100. The increase in price is accounted for by the growing searcity of the buffalo, which has now practically disappeared from the United States. The word beams of the Great Stave Lake region of British North America, which inhabit woodhand, or mountain districts, are rather more numerous than the prairie buffaloes of this country, but their numbers are limited and decreasing. The wood bison is not so large as the prairie buffalo, and its hair is straighter, and very black.